

Seminole
T H E
S C A L E,
O R,
W O M A N *weigh'd with* M A N.
A P O E M;

I N T H R E E C A N T O ' S.

By C. TAYLOR.
This Gent. was born in Finsbury

A U T H O R O F T H E

B R I T A N N I A.



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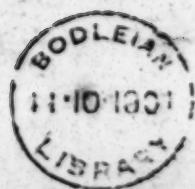
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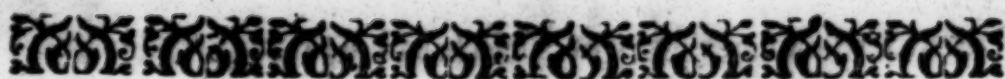
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T H E
S C A L E, &c.

Argument to the first CANTO.

Reputation for Sence the Principal Pride of Men. Women Ranked by them in a lower Claſs. Women more eminent for a Principle of Generoſity, Humanity, Compaſſion, and Piety.



EGIN my MUSE, with bold unbor-
row'd Praise,
Let us the Sense and Worth of Women
raise :
To their true Standard raise them, if we
can,

And shame the proud aspiring Creature Man :
That henceforth he may curb his rash Disdain ;
Nor build Prerogative on Titles vain.
Princess, to you, by Providence's care,
The Royal Pattern of the British Fair ;
Whose Wisdom soars above your Rank, whose Worth
Exceeds your high Pre-eminence of Birth ;
From him deriv'd, whose Patronage and Sword,
Religion's amiable Truth restor'd ;
Who gain'd this darling Purpose of his Life ;
But nobly lost Dominions in the Strife,
To you whose Virtues, in their bright Excess,
Even Foes to GEORGE and LIBERTY confess ;
A Muse ambitious of an honest Fame,
Inscribes the new, the long neglected Theme :
Well-pleas'd the Strain of her address'd to see
From just Reproach of Adulation free,

She

She but re-echoes in her guiltless Lays,
 The Nation's sentiments a Peoples praise.
 For Wisdom's shadow, not for Virtues prize,
 Vain Man absurdly with his Neighbour vies.
 To be deem'd honest, void of Guile and Art,
 Is but his second humbler pride of Heart.
 The Brand of Fool, so the wild Passion runs,
 He more than that of Villain fears and shuns.
 Sick of a gaudy Disposition; hence
 High, Low, Rich, Poor, all Claim the title Sense:
 This great Preliminary Claim confess;
 They meet like Kings, and compromise the rest.
 Man will to Man a sort of Homage do;
 Both Wise, but one the wiser of the two:
 For Both, so nicely pois'd Pretensions are,
 Of Sense inherit a sufficient share.
 On their own Excellence this Vote they Pass;
 But rank the Women in a lower Class.
 Thus each He Fool whom such vain Maxims guide,
 Sees a whole Sex, beneath him in his Pride.
 Not to reform, rather to flatter Men,
 Foul Satire seizes her malignant Pen.
 A grateful Victim to the vicious Heart,
 Worth feels the Sting of her abusive Art:
 While chiefly Women, helpless Women bleeds,
 On her each Rhyming Moth of Scandal feeds;
 And, sure his shallow Reader's Taste to hit,
 Exhausts on her the Pittance of his Wit.
 Rome's Satyrift, the foremost of the Band,
 Who paints fair Virtue with a Master's Hand,
 But brutal Lust indelicately draws;
 Leads up the Van in this ungen'rous Cause;
 Attacks alike the Living and the Dead,
 And withers half the Laurels on his Head.

A thousand Mimies with a borrow'd Grin,
 With Wit not theirs on the same Subject fin:
 But these scarce knowing how to Rhime or Rail,
 Disgraced their unmanly Purpose fail.
 Shame to themselves their pilfer'd Satires bring:
 Their harmless Scandal is without a Sting:
 Be therefore they the lowest of their Kind,
 Too low for Notice in Oblivion join'd.
 Which shou'd to Women do the wittier Wrong,
 Of late two Giant Writers labour'd long.
 Friends from the low disease of Envy clear,
 They charm'd with rival Wit the publick Ear;
 One to the summit of *Parnassus* rose,
 The second stoop'd and sweep'd the Prize of Prose.
 With Fame with such a Wealth of Genius blest;
 By no just Cause, no seemly Motive prest;
 Why shou'd (alass) the celebrated Pair,
 Uninjur'd, rashly satirize the Fair?
 Thee chiefly Great amongst the greatest Names,
 Immortal Bard; my Muse reluctant blames;
 Thee skill'd the sparkling Gem of Worth to raise,
 And bid it Glow with Elegance of Praise.
 Was it for thee, to Virtues Friend a Friend,
 From Virtue's side her Votaries to rend?
 In Thee, Man's Friend, was this a seemly Drift,
 To vie with such a Satirist, as *Sw-ft*:
 Whose Satire, oft' Spleen, Party, Zeal, Caprice,
 Spirit with Venom, and devote to Vice?
 No. Thine the chaste, thine was the moral Page;
 Inspir'd to mend, or shame a vicious Age.
 In either Sex true Worth, by Satire wrong'd,
 To such a noble Advocate belong'd;
 That Mute which Women of their Right bereaves,
 Which scarcely Room for Female Virtue leaves;

That Muse which Draws them changeful as the Wind,
 Which Rainbows on a Cloud their fickle Mine :
 Had she been Zealous to defend their Cause,
 She more had merited the World's Applause.
 To rouse and aggravate the Pride of Men,
 Alas what needed Satire's partial Pen ?
 Women too much already we despis'd ;
 Too much our native Privileges priz'd.
 No longer let unequal Weights prevail :
 Come let us poize Pretensions in the Scale.
 Nature, supremely wise in her Designs,
 To both their proper Provinces assigns ;
 Virtue their common Task, their End, their Good :
 But Virtue varied to their Sex's mood,
 So varied as the Rules of Life require :
 Plain Rules which Heav'n and Reason's Light Inspire ;
 Reason's great Excellence, her highest Art
 Appears in fashioning the moral Heart :
 In clearly teaching Human Minds to know,
 What they to God, themselves, their Neighbours owe ;
 How to discern with Penetration Nice,
 The Boundaries, and first Degrees of Vice.
 True Sense in such high Knowledge chiefly lies,
 And sure to practice it, is to be Wise :
 Which of the Two perform their Duty best ?
 If that be made the Touchstone and the Test,
 To Life, my Muse, to common Life refer ;
 For this plain Truth that fewer Women err :
 Still fewer to the Pitch of Men offend ;
 Their Vices curb'd, in certain Limits end.
 We boldly bad despite the Checks of Blame,
 While Woman sins with the restraint of shame ;
 More rooted in the Heart by Maxims right.
 Reluctant Virtue seldom leaves her quite ;

Except

Except when Ravagers the sons of Lust,
 Have laid her Virgin Honour in the Dust.
 Pure Love to paint, high source of human Bliss ;
 To paint the Passion in its wild Excess :
 Of either Sex, when Love, or Lust prevails,
 To weigh the merit in contending Scales :
 Say Muse in social Merit which excells,
 With Woman chief the Charm of Bounty dwells :
 To worth a Zealous Patron in her Heart,
 She does, or would the Recompence impart.
 But Virtue, mourn, and high Pretensions fall,
 For Women's power to recompense is small ;
 By partial Law, the Lordly makers hold ;
 Undue Proportions of their much-lov'd Gold :
 Of this their Idol, if you would partake,
 Mean Courtship to some guilty Passion make :
 Serve that their Pimp, their Parasite, their Tool,
 Their Wisdom's, any Thing but Virtues Fool.
 Misers to Worth, not unobserv'd but clear ;
 On Vice they lavish Thousands by the Year :
 Wou'dst thou grow wealthy, to Distinction rise,
 Call the Knave honest ; call the Blockhead wise :
 To Dunces Wit, give Freedom to the Slave ;
 And flatter Cowards with the Title Brave :
 Extol, this Maxim will avail thee most,
 The vain Man's Head at every Rival's cost.
 More sensible the Fair of Human Woe,
 Lend sweet Attention to the Tears that flow ;
 Touch'd with the Mourner's misery, they grieve,
 Prone while they weep, and listen to relieve :
 Unfeeling Man assumes the Face of Art,
 His Grief is often but an Actor's Part.
 All Thine, O Woman is the Bleeding Heart.
 A Croud of Virtues hence, as from the Root,

Fair to the Sight, like lovely Roses shoot;
 Virtues which harmonize the Frame within,
 And purge the passions from the Dross of sin:
 For all domestick Offices of Life,
 Which Qualify the Mother, Daughter, Wife.
 Where this high Principle of Goodness fails;
 Plain Vice or mask'd Hypocrisy prevails:
 Without Humanity; the specious Strain,
 The Garb of Heroes and of Saints is vain:
 Come Piety, thou Queen of Virtues, here;
 Attended by thy Sister Truth, appear;
 Of foolish wicked Men the Jest and Scorn,
 Come and thy Female Votaries adorn:
 Justice, their stamp of Character to raise;
 Adds here the brightest, fairest beam of Praise:
 At Heav'n's high Providence we laugh or fret;
 But wiser Women fear their Maker yet:
 Where most, where least does love of Country fail?
 Place, ponder Publick Spirit in the Scale,
 In former Ages this was Britain's boast;
 Millions of Lives in the great Cause was lost.
 By this her Heroes and her Patriots led,
 On War's grim Theatre, on Scaffolds Bled:
 Zealous and panting for their Country's Bliss,
 Her *Hambden's*, *Sidney's*, *Ruffel's* bled for this:
 All else, as the majestick Cause drew near,
 Did worthless to the great and good appear:
 While yet vile Luxury was little known;
 Nor viler Avarice did Britons own.
 Pelf, Pleasure of their vicious Sons the Task,
 Boldly we worship Gold without a Mask;
 Gain is the Point, the principle profess.
 Now publick Spirit grows a publick Jest:
 Posterity! (we laugh, we reason thus)

What

What has Posterity to do with us?
 Just for one Time the gasping Nation save;
 'Tis all we modern Mole-ey'd Mortals crave.
 While, Woman, here thy Virtue blazes forth;
 It crowns thy Triumph in the Scale of Worth;
 By Man the Subject wantonly profan'd,
 Has ever sacred in thy Thoughts remain'd.
 On such plain points where human Sense begins,
 No Female Wit, no She Blasphemer sins:
 Man's is the Profanation, his the Crime,
 Unknown, unblush'd for in our Fathers Time.
 Ye Fair, your Wisdom and your Charms exert,
 To Mend, and moralize the smitten Heart:
 Before ye listen to the Tales of Love,
 Our Passion first, and Principles improve:
 But chief, O chiefly let the Mother's Tongue,
 With early love of Country taint her young;
 Sow soon, deep sow the Seeds of future Fame,
 And teach ev'n Babes to lis' BRITANNIA's Name.

The Second C A N T O.

The A R G U M E N T.

Seducers of Women satiriz'd. Who are the chief Seducers. Gratification of Lust often the chief View in Men to seduce Women. What Women's Honour screens. Female Love more influenc'd by real or seeming Merit. More constant and more generous than Men in Love Affairs.

RISE, Satire, with indignant Pensil draw,
 Those Ravagers who 'scape the Scourge of Law,
 Who, Syren like, invade the Virgin's Breast;
 Keen to devour her Innocence and Rest.
 Amidst their Vows their Adulation lies,
 Unmask'd the Traytors to the Fair-Ones Eyes;
 As soon as Beauty's early Blossom blows,
 While yet the Mind nor Fraud, nor Falshood knows;

B

by

By Snares, that scarcely wiser Women shun;
 The Novice falls, by specious Snares undone.
 In artful Guise a croud of Foes appears,
 Who buz Esteem and Passion in her Ears;
 Virtue's vain Title, Honour's boasted Name,
 They make the Mask and Vehicle of Shame.
 Highly respectful in their Love, 'till Art,
 Gives full Possession of the Fair ones Heart;
 But then no longer lowly Vassals, they,
 Seem metamorphos'd into Beasts of Prey:
 Uncheck'd by Pity, conscious of their Power,
 Like Wolves they watch the first unguarded Hour;
 Spring to their Game, remorseless in their Haste,
 And lay the Fold of sacred Virtue waste:
 From that dire Moment Hell and Horror rise,
 Peace from her violated Mansion flies:
 Hourly with sighs the troubled Bosom heaves,
 Which Hope, Life's latest Consolation, leaves.
 Succeeds, in chearful Innocence's Room,
 And everlasting, a remorseful Gloom.
 Of Honour, in her conscious Mind bereft,
 Without a Friend to save, or Pity left;
 Ev'n by the Robber of her Peace and Fame,
 Left soon to Poverty, Derision, Shame:
 Oblig'd to prostitute herself for Hire:
 The Sport of Drunkards and of lewd Desire.
 What can the poor deserted Sinner do?
 Lost by Degrees, all worth forsake her too;
 Perhaps to make the tragic Scene compleat
 Herself is doom'd to perish in the Street,
 Be still, rash Censure, shall the Pride of Man,
 Presume the depths of Providence to scan?
 Howe'er by purblind Mortals understood,
 These are, ev'n an unfathomable Good.
 Yet sure the unequal Lot of Woman here,
 Compar'd to lordly Man may seem severe:

What

What scarce a Trespass is allow'd in him,
 In her is deem'd a Death deserving Crime,
 A Stain, a Wound, so mortal and impure,
 No Tears can wash it, no Repentance cure.
 Harsh Sentence on the fair Offender's past.
 By sinful Man, and therefore not the last.
 'Tis well for her, since not on Earth forgiven,
 The Scale of Man is not the Scale of Heaven.
 Young Men, to you, the Robbers of the Fair,
 Who make their Ruin your Delight and Care,
 Who first beat down their Virtue to the Ground,
 And whisper next the shameful Triumph round,
 Whom Reason's voice has long reprov'd in vain,
 Satire to you directs her angry Strain :
 Gross, vicious Sence and Habits unrefin'd,
 Mar ev'ry noble Function of the Mind :
 You see perhaps, but will not feel the Force,
 The Charms of Virtue's amiable Course :
 Else for a momentary guilty gust,
 For a loose Rapture of unbridled Lust,
 You would not cancel Nature's sacred Ties,
 Nor joy like Fiends in human Sacrifice.
 When strongly push'd, to parry Reason's stroke,
 One utters in his own defence a Joke ;
 A second loudly laughs as in a Fit,
 Another answers in a Flash of Wit.
 Some few perhaps more void of Shame pretend,
 That thus they chiefly compass Nature's end ;
 Nature which here imposes no restraint ;
 Nor rates by this the Sinner and the Saint.
 A Woman's free Compliance, Will, Desire,
 Are all, they say, which Nature's Rules require :
 What Will? Young, open, with an honest Heart ;
 She falls a Prey to the Seducer's Art :
 To shews of Honour, which deceitful rove,
 To Rakes to Sharpers in the Game of Love.

Is this the fair Compliance, Will, Desire,
 Which Nature, Justice, Equity require;
 Learn weak and wilful Foes to reason hence;
 How wild a War you wage with common Sense:
 In that distracted situation place,
 Some near Relation frame a milder Case;
 If this seem shocking, and suppose that still,
 She safe, the Man hath only sinn'd in Will.
 Ruin my Sister! stab my Daughter's Fame!
 Mark them for Harlots with the Brand of Shame.
 Out, angry Sword; avenging Weapons, rise,
 He who but offers such Dishonour dies.
 Whence these new Sentiments, this high-flown Wrath,
 This loud Denial of your former Faith?
 Would not your conscious Heart at once rejoin?
 The Case is alter'd, for the Case is mine:
 By partial self such the Distinctions thrown,
 'Twixt other Mens Pretensions and our own.
 Instead of Virtue, long cashier'd and lost,
 Another Guide, Honour's strict Rule you boast;
 Say, What is Honour? Let it be defin'd,
 A Farce, a Mixture of a motely Kind:
 Part Vice, part Virtue; Gothic in it's Frame,
 Proceeding half from Pride, and half from Shame;
 A Monster, foul within, and fair without;
 An Angel upwards with a cloven Foot,
 To give a Definition more concise,
 Honour is Virtue reconcil'd to Vice:
 Chiefly from rampant, guileful Honour's Snare,
 The Rules and Roof of Friendship screen the Fair,
 Young Virgins too, for high Descent esteem'd,
 Are sacred and inviolable deem'd:
 In either Case, who Crimes of Love commit,
 Must straight their fashionable Title quit.
 Here Honour's Laws with Reason's Rules agree,
 But then all other lewd Attempts are free;

Wives, Sisters, Daughters, a promiscuous Game,
 Presum'd fair Objects of a guilty Flame.
 Not less the Means are, than the Purpose foul,
 Fraud and Deceit, a Masquerade of Soul :
 Candour and Truth, the lovely Twins retire,
 Far banish'd from these scenes of loose Desire.
 Enrag'd, why does your Friend with boist'rous strain,
 When violated in his Wife complain.
 But that high Wrong is done, dire Mischief wrought,
 Beyond Forgiveness in his scale of Thought.
 To wrong a Friend, Foe, Stranger, whom you please,
 Is but one Crime, which differs in Degrees,
 And Crimes, have this Distinction Bad, or worse,
 And is the gloomy subject of Remorse.
 Ev'n if the sin consisted less in Lust,
 Than in the Breach of Friendship and of Trust :
 That Reason would alone suffice to prove,
 A more unworthy Breach of Trust in Love.
 Conceiv'd a Man of Probity and Art,
 As such admitted to the fair-ones Heart ;
 Strongly belov'd, confided in, esteem'd :
 May be Protector of her Honour deem'd :
 Who thus intrusted in an evil Hour,
 Half steals, half ravishes fair Virtue's Flower ;
 Blasts him that loves her with a lewd Embrace,
 And robs her of her dearest Jewel, Peace,
 What Name, what Title is his proper Due,
 Silent my Pen, say Man of Honour ; how ?
 Love next my nobler Theme : explain it Muse,
 Rescue great Nature from along Abuse.
 Off with the Mask of Ages ; let us see ;
 The Passion in its primitive Degree ;
 Nor lost in Clouds, nor crawling in the Dust ;
 Nor mix'd with mad Idolatry nor Lust.
 Describe Affection where Esteem presides,
 Which Reason dictates, and which Virtue guides :
 Such

Such who by Nature's wise Prescription love ;
 Whose Flame their Heads, as well as Hearts approve :
 Such only this high Principle inspires ;
 With strong indeed, but elegant desires.
 For Love is Friendship of an upper Cast,
 Like Metal ripen'd into Gold at last :
 In less Esteem, who reasons thus reposes,
 The grosser Appetites, the bliss of Brutes :
 His highest nuptial Happiness he finds,
 Plac'd in the nobler Intercourse of Minds.
 From thence that generous Affection flows,
 Which in the duly smitten Bosom glows :
 Which never from the much-lov'd Object errs,
 But this above unlawful Lusts prefers.
 Who, madly with the Fire of Beauty's smit,
 The force of Wisdom, or the charms of Wit,
 Eyes his own Pleasure in his amorous Mood ;
 Nor chiefly rates the fair-ones Fame, or Good.
 Courting on any Terms his Passion's Ease,
 Not Love, the rage of Lust, is his Disease :
 This the great witness, this the Lover's test,
 By which to prove the Passion in his Breast.
 Few Men, if Men would speak with Candour here,
 Could well the strict Examination bear.
 They wisely to conceal their inward state.
 Of pure disinterested Passion prate ;
 Themselves may sometimes think it no Disguise,
 Deceiv'd for Rank Possession is the Prize,
 On which they fix with steady View their Eyes.
 Angelick, Extasies, Flames, Darts, Racks, Wheels,
 (Whims which a hurt Imagination feels)
 All end in this : and hence we plainly find :
 Why Love a Riddle deem'd, and Cupid blind.
 While raging Passion in the Bosom burns,
 Maden'd with Joy and Jealousy by turns :
 While Flames and Fire in their full force remain,

Before

Before Possession cures the fighting Swain.
 While Lust lies hid in wonder and Esteem;
 How pure his wishes, his Pretensions seem!
 His lordly Pride of Sex humbles his Crest;
 Since greatly wise one Woman is confest;
 Thy words my Fair, are as thy locks Divine,
 And all *Minerva's* Epithets are thine,
 Me blest, if thou propitious prove! since Heaven,
 Has such a Phoenix to my Passion given.
 That this, for Life must ever last the same;
 A perfect, pure, and undiminish'd Flame.
 So talks and often so believes in Truth,
 The love-sick, green, and unexperienc'd Youth;
 His beardless Understanding void of Art,
 So talks in pure simplicity of Heart:
 Of such a Prelude, wild, Romantic, vain,
 The sure the fatal Consequence is plain,
 Less sunk in Vice a woman's Passion proves,
 She with a purer sense of Merit loves:
 Real worth, or appearing such her Aim,
 More steady, fix'd, and generous her Flame.
 What of Romance, exceeding Nature's Bounds,
 Taints her young Years, she builds on specious Grounds.
 Sincere herself with credulous Esteem;
 Fondly she fancies Men are what they seem.

The Third CANTO.

The ARGUMENT.

Not Musick nor Poetry, but Women the first Civilizers of the World.
 By them Discord and Rapine check'd. Society fashioned to Laws
 and Government; as well as to the Cultivation of Arts and Com-
 merce. Courtesy begun, and polished. Hospitality introduced.
 Persons in all Ages and Countries preserved from Barbarism by
 their Means.

O Lovely Woman; form'd by Nature's Plan,
 To mitigate the savage Creature Man.

Near

Near to high Virtue's Path his will to lead,
 To mend the Vices of his Heart and Head.
 Yoak'd with a Race in rustic Manners rear'd,
 There first thy native Excellence appear'd.
 Not ORPHEUS by the Muse's fable'd Fire,
 Nor yet AMPHION with his tuneful Lyre;
 Had force to Civilize the rugged Swain:
 POETRY, and MUSICK both then were vain.
 What Else but Woman was the powerful cause,
 Which fashioned rude Society to Laws?
 But She who bid the rage of Rapine cease,
 Or sooth'd the boist'rous Villagers to Peace?
 While these in Arms found Adverse on the Green,
 She the sweet Milk of concord pour'd between:
 'Twas She that in the Gaps of Kindred stood,
 To plead the bond of Nature and of Blood.
 First join'd by Ties which Female Charms compose,
 Town, Cities, commonwealths, and Kingdoms rose:
 Strait new-born Arts appear'd, and Commerce mild,
 On Neighbours Nations Wealth diffusive smil'd.
 Young Courtesy, with ling'ring Progress grew,
 'Till Woman wing'd her and the Cherub flew;
 By social Woman introduc'd began;
 Fair Hospitality to Visit Man.
 Which long, for late a Resting Place was found,
 Like NOAH'S DOVE, had vainly hover'd round:
 Still, as at first, the Female Task remains,
 To scatter Sense, and Breeding in the Plains.
 Soon would, if wholly left to Nature free,
 Again the Villager a Savage be:
 Nor here alone in this Boeotian Clime,
 Would Barbarism grow the Peasant's Crime.
 ARCADIA'S Shepherd in the golden Age,
 Unsooth'd by Woman, wou'd have learn'd to rage:
 Have oft for Lucre bid a Brother Bleed,
 And for a Ponyard chang'd his tunefull Reed.

There

There Love with gentle thoughts the Swain inspir'd,
 Fond to resemble whom his Soul admir'd :
 Ev'n the rude Cyclops, when subdu'd by Love,
 With Galetæa, charm'd the list'ning Grove :
 Slack'ning their Course, the Winds attentive grew,
 Play'd round, and *Hybla* gather'd as they flew :
 For *Hybla's* Honey trickled from his Tongue,
 Then flew to ravish Ocean with his Song.
 Rough Man with wonder while he Gazes shook,
 Contracts a growing Gentleness of Look ;
 His Manners next assume a milder Cast,
 The tardy Flower of Breeding comes at last.
 Indeed where Love's sweet Magic melts the Soul,
 More swift the Wheels of Reformation roll.
 Thus *Ceres* with slow rising Verdure crown'd,
 Long like a Sluggard sleeps upon the Ground,
 Till rous'd to see the genial Heat begun.
 She shoots and ripens in the Summer's Sun.
 Form'd in this School, by such Example fir'd,
 Men Breeding and a better Taste acquir'd ;
 Their very Virtues, not their Taste alone ;
 Advantag'd with a brighter Lustre shone.
 And Sense which rough as Nature Diamond show'd,
 Now gayly, like the burnish'd Sparkler glow'd :
 Affected by the Progress of the Mind,
 Speech grew to match their sentiments refin'd.
 Grew for the Labour of the Muses fit,
 For all the gay Varieties of Wit :
 First flow'd in Courts the pure Castalian stream,
 There first *Parnassus* fir'd the Poet's Dream :
 While high-bred Woman in her Lover wrought,
 An Elegance of Language and of Thought.
 To sing of Heav'n, and Providence's Ways,
 Pious she bid him tune his firstling Lays,
 Herself the second Subject of his Praise.
 Are we still Heathens here ? who Reigns above ?

The Christian God or a voluptuous Joye?
 Heedless of human Vice, or human Worth,
 Is he the subject of his Creature's Mirth?
 Whence your Presumption, daring Mortals say,
 That rashly you with his high Titles play;
 Say whence, O long accustom'd to blaspheme,
 Your Profanation of his Hallow'd Name.
 A Name which Infidels are taught to fear,
 Which the lewd Sons of *Mahomet* revere;
 Because when awful Thunder rends the Sky,
 And Bolts wing'd with redoubled Flashes fly:
 Nor you, nor yours fall by the Vengeful stroke,
 Of Sulphur, wasted on the guiltless Oak,
 Do you for this safe from the Thunderer's Fire,
 Invoke with idle Merriment his Ire?
 Father of Heaven, O Being solely Good!
 Let Mercy, let the great Redeemer's Blood,
 That Blood so cheaply quoted in Discourse:
 Still plead and save us from *Gomorrab's* Curse.
 Duely to paint the Scholar's high-flown Prate,
 How Politicians Buzz Affairs of State;
 What these Men suffer, and what these perform;
 The Soldier's Battle, and the Seaman's Storm;
 Duely the Darling Topic to describe;
 Of Misers, of the Money-loving Tribe:
 To paint the roaring Hunter's chief Discourse;
 His Hounds, Hares, Foxes, and his nimble Horse;
 It would more than an Hundred Tongues require,
 An endless Subject for a Muse of Fire.

F I N I S.

Pennington

